

Parson Gentry was, after a sort, king of the grass country. In all the length and breadth of it only one man dared to make head against his benevolent despotism. He however, stood out so stoutly, his concumacy was the fly in the ointment. He was the parson's next neighbor, and like himself, owner of a big grass farm and breeder of race horses.

Parson Gentry loved his horses next to hear of a big dingelier Peggy. In breeder of race horses.

Parson Gentry loved his horses next to

his God and his daughter Peggy. die of his cloth, he trained the best of big events. He made you see a nic distinction with regard to the sport as innocently as plow for it. Sin

needy among "diversions which could be ed in the name of the Lord." Lawson Cocke, the contumacious one, as painfully given to it. He would bet, deed, upon anything, from the speed of slim, blond, well set up, a dead shot, a fine lances, possessed withal of a sligularly ing tongue. Half the caps in the try had been set for him ever since he off rundabouts, but ne went scot free I he saw Pergy Gentry, who was as a sa gypsy, and as dimpled as a

counid.

The main line of social cleavage in grass country society was religious. The larger part of the Virginians and Carolinians who had come across the Blue Ridge to occupy and possess it had been either devout churchmen or shouting Methodists or Baptists or Presbylerians. A smaller molety held that there was no God, and Tom Paine a prophet. It fiddled and danced and played cards as energetically as the larger half prayed and sang. The race course was a

e only diversion. When it came turn, she chose out Lawson. It ergey's turn, she chose out Lawson. It stounded her a little that he would not so her lips, but only her hand. After at neither of them played again. When sey parted at her father's door—he had sisted upon riding home beside he Gentry triage—he took her hand and said implicitly: "Promise me that you will never av again."

smiled at him saucily and murmured: "I can't promise. Sitting out is so stupid-sometimes." Lawson smiled, too. "At least you'll promise not to play until you see me again," he said. Peggy nodded and dimpled. She was sure in her own mind that would not be ha'f a week.

Inind that would not be half a week. It turned out to be half a year. Lawson tarted next day for Virginia. His grandather's estate was to be distributed and he made up his mind to stay until everyhing was settled. Apart from that, he wanted to be very sure of himself before he adventured further in what he felt to be vittal matter.

Yet when he got home, toward the end of June, he was no nearer a decision than when he had begun. He was perfectly sure he loved Peggy as he would never love anybody else. The point at issue was, ought he to try winning her? Her father, he was certain, would never let him have her, unless he could bring himself to accept religion. The parson had been preaching at him hot and hard ever since he came to man's estate.

calf. Lawson swore impatiently when he thought of it. He must have been an awful young idlot to set on foot that foolish scheme. But it had not seemed foolish

her eyes, dropping before his own, fluttering of her soft hand, the delicious under tremor of her voice, which warmed his heart and made his pulses leap

whenever he let himself recall it.

Parson Gentry had his own training track Parson Gentry had his own training track and spent all the fine summer mornings beside it, meditating on his sermons and watching his horses. As Blue Bonnet, the pride of his heart, pulled up at the end of four miles, fighting for her head and evidently full of running, he smiled cestatically and said to the boy who rode her:

"My soul! Looks like she could lose the best of 'em today—even if she had a church on her back, and they only the steeple—eh, Isham?"

"Hit do dat," Isham responded. "I ain't

'Hit do dat," Isham responded. "I ain't 'feared er none on 'em, 'ceptin' 'tis dat dar



She Was a Noted Flirt.

Roxy Ann ober ter Cockes'. She de one Bonnet is sh' 'nough gut ter beat, but I bet my game rooster she kin do hit."
"Tut, tut. Don't talk of betting," the parson said. Isham had slidden down and stood stroking Blue Bonnet's lean, glossy head. Blue Bonnet was a lady of humors. There were times when she permitted There were times when she permitted Isham's endearments. This was not one of them. She laid back both ears and nipped them. She laid back both ears and nipped him sharply, at the same instant lashing out with her near hind foot at the parson, who was stooping to feel her hocks. The kick took him fair in the short ribs and doubled him up like a jumping jack. Isham turned away his head, grinning. He had all the small boy's normal delight in seeing the up-setting of dignitaries.

small boy's normal delight in seeing the up-setting of dignitaries.
"Say, parson! Shan't I swear a bit for you?" somebody called from the read, which ran just outside the track inclosure. Parson Gentry looked up, scowling the least bit. He knew the voice—of all men in the world he hated to have Lawson Cocke see his discomfiture. Lawson had reined in his horse, thrown his left leg sidewise over the pommel, and sat facing him, with a set pommel, and sat facing him, with a set look, new and strange. If the parson had been a worldling he would have whistled at the sight. Being what he was, he merely rubbed his hands and stared a triffe harder. "It won't be exactly easy for me. Everybody knows me for an unbellever—as my father was before me. Everybody will be sure to say I am a rank hypocrite—pretend-him short: "I thought so," he said, nodding

her-"
"I see-you're talking of Blue Bonnet," Lawson said. The parson nodded. "Of course. Haven't you come to try to buy her? Steevens, your trainer, told me you said you meant to have her if it took every

"I've changed my mind," Lawson said, shortly.

"Then what do you want?" the parson blurted out.

"Peggy!" Lawson said laconically. "What is more, I mean to have her. You have just made up my mind for me."

"Are you drunk or crazy? You must be one or the other. Why, my girl knows nothing whatever about you," the parson began angrily. Lawson held up his hand.
"She knows me enough to love me—as I "She knows me enough to love me—as I love her." he said. "Now. sir, I've no need to say anything of myself—you know all about me much better than I do—as

only that I may get Peggy."

"Do you mean—would you make the conditions public?" the parson cried. Lawson nodded.

"They would have to be," he said.
"Neither of us can afford to play except with cards above the table. Excuse the phrase, parson—but you understand it—"

"Yes! I understand," the parson said, smiling, then with a keen look: "You must love my girl, Lawson. I can not let you say you love her better than I love my God. You shall ride for a sweetheart, I for a soul. I may be misjudged by my fellows—the searcher of all hearts will know that I seek only his glory."

The Fourth of July was a stake for

know that I seek only his glory."

The Fourth of July was a stake for four-year-olds and upward, four miles and repeat. The repeat generally eliminated everything not aged, even in that good time, when horses were bred not merely to run, but to stay. The grass country was full of blue blood. Sons and grandsons of Sir Archy of Diomed, of the great Eclipse, had come early over the mountains, had thriven on lush blue grass and running limestone water, and had left behind a lusty progeny. On top of that, there had been direct English importations of more than one prepotent Derby-winning strain. Then a good few of the pioneers who had the luck to be friends with Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, through the good offices of those gentlemen, when they came to be of those gentlemen, when they came to be Presidents, had brought in a sprinkle of

Presidents, had brought in a sprinkle of pure-bred Barb and Arab mares.

The elder Cocke, Lawson's father, had been among the bringers-in. Lawson's pride, Roxane, was great granddaughter to one of the Arab mares, and, like her ancestress, of pure cream white, with silver-white mane and tail, and ivory hoofs. She stood barely an inch over fifteen hands at the withers, had a deep, roomy chest, tremendous barrel and short, close-sinewed back, dropping into comparatively light quarters. They were but masses of muscle, clean and firm, enwrapping small bones as hard and compact as flint. The ivory hoofs were alive-looking, and of a faint spread from coronet to toe.

All her claim to beauty lay in head and neck. The neck, neither long nor short,

All her claim to beauty lay in head and neck. The neck, neither long nor short, carried the line of the withers in the finest imaginable taper out to a head that in spite of its broad basin face had a muzzle slender enough to drink from a quart pot. Nostrils, pink as a dawn cloud, and very fully opened, gave promise of breath and stay to match the fire of the eyes. They were somewhat deeply sunken, yet held in their dark depths all the desert's mystery and savage strength.

helper, the parson called back. "I think I have the best horse—I know I have the best cause."

Exactly three fflinutes later the drum tapped and the five horses went away aligned like a file, of cavalry. For at least 100 yards they held in rank. Then Blacklock shot clear by an open length and stretched away for the first turn with a little defiant snorth Blue Bonnet fought to go after him. The parson took a double wrap on her. Blacklock was, he knew, merely an incident. Roxane lay well back—there he must keep his eye.

The first mile around was so slow Blacklock increased his lead to a dozen lengths. Blue Bonnet began to foam. Her rider let out a wrap. Instantly she rushed to collar the chestnut. In the next mile she caught and passed him, though still he ran strong and free. Mops came for a second to her throat-latch, then dropped back, tailing so steadily as to show he was out of the race. Bendigo ran a consistent third. Roxane was absolutely last.

Yet in the last half mile she woke up, passed the other three as though they were anchored, and dashed under the string.

Yet in the last half mile she woke up, passed the other three as though they were anchored, and dashed under the string, beaten by a short head. It was a marvelous performance, amazing even to those who knew the white mare best. She ran so true, so easily, with such even swiftness, the best-trained eye got no right perception of her speed. Even Blue Bonnet's partisans rubbed hands in delight, saying: "It's a race for blood now—and only two in it."

"The powers of light and darkness are contending here," the parson said to a remonstrant plous friend. Lawson overheard and laughed quietly.

"The powers are oddly horsed, parson," he said. "I reckon as y see things, light rides the color of darkness, and darkness the color of light."

Mons distanced. Placklack, with leaven.

rides the color of darkness, and darkness the color of light."

Mops distanced. Blacklock withdrawn, left but three contenders in the second heat. B'ue Bonnet came out for it readier than ever. She spoiled three good starts, indeed, by her eagerness to be out in front. When at last they were sent away together



yourself in my place. It comes natural to you to be religious—"
"Ah, my son! You are wrong there," the parson said, smiling. "Once I was even as you are—held in the gall of bitterness, the bonds of iniquity. Until I was twenty-live, although I never drank more than I could comfortably carry, sport of every sort was my delight. I fought cocks, gamed, threw dice, made and rode matches—"
"What? you?" Lawson cried. The parson bowed his head.
"Even me." he said. "Now, you must see that the power which plucked me, a brand from the burning, can, if only you will let it, as certainly pluck you."
For almost a minute Lawson looked at the

For almost a minute Lawson looked at the parson, his lips opening and closing a though uncertain whether to speak. At las

"Mr. Gentry, may I ask a question of— the man you were before you became a minister?"

minister?"

The parson smiled indulgently, "Ask what you choose," he said. "I will answer truthfully, if I answer at all."

"Ther-tell me this," Lawson said; "Do you really care nothing now for-the things

you gave up? I mean, don't you ever hanker after forbidden things—yearn to be freeeven riotous?" The carnal mind is at enmity to God,

"The carnal mind is at enmity to God, the parson quoted softly. Then he added reverently: "God gives us new hearts, but it takes His grace, and very much of it, to keep them pure and steadfast. The old Adam dies hard in every one of us. We keep him under only by help of a strength beyond our own."

"You wouldn't care for horses if there were no race tracks?" Lawson said, tenta-

the same as a match—none of the other three really count. Now, since owners or twners' friends must ride, why should not e two ride against each other, and if I wir you agree to give me Peggy without condi-tions; if you, I agree to do my very best to get religion?

get religion?"

"Imposible! Impossible! Who ever heard of such a thing?" the parson said—but Lawson saw his eye sparkle and a quick flush leap into his cheek. The parson was essentially a Christian militant. Back in the old days he might have led a rapturous crusade. Lawson pressed, undismayed:

"Why is it impossible? Unusual I grant—but so it is unusual to see a minister's colors on the track, and racetrack money on the missionary plate. I thought you ministers held nothing too hard, if it meant saving a soul from death—"
"I do not." the parson said quickly. Lawson ran on:

pulling his woolly foretop and saying: "La —awdy! Miss Peggy. I couldn't fergit dat ef I tried."

The race ought to have been a big bet-The race ought to have been a big betting event, but out of respect for the parson's scruples such wagers as were made were kept strictly under cover. The purse itself, a gold-fringed, gold-bedizened blue silk pouch holding \$1,000 in gold coin, swung high and fair in the sunlight above the finish line. Opinion divided very equally at to where it would fetch up—in the building of a church or the riot of a tavern. The wiseacres, of course, backed their The wiseacres, of course, backed their judgment in whispers. It was the great undiscriminating mass which murmured

one gentleman to another, I want to ask if I may court and marry her? "I want to ask if I may court and marry her?" when the parson shouted in the parson

crowd the rapid hammering of his own exultant heart. In that minute he learned some deeps of his own mind which years of introversion would scarce y have made clear te him. He did truly desire to save a soul from death, but he desired it with all the natural man's lust of triumph.

Still the heart beats rang in his ears. Suddenly the hoof beats behind quickened. He saw a white head with fiery eyes and pink, flaring nostrils flash past—saw a plume-like tail flaunted almost in Blue Bonnet's eyes. And as he saw it there came back to him Isham's whispered petition before the start.

And as he saw it there came back to him Isham's whispered petition before the start: "Ef dat dar Roxy-Ann crowds yer, mar-you dess cuss Bonnet one II'l teeny cu She—she's uster dat. She know whut I

John Brooks, an engineer of Upton Park Manor, who flung himself off the Royal It was out of the question-still he felt Sovereign while the vessel was nearin himself tempted. Roxana, and Lawson saved him. With one long, stendy lift Lawgate, Mr. Wood, the deputy coroner, made some remarks calculated to surprise the un-



"IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE AGAINST MER LAWSON ASKED.

against the silence of the wagering. It had come out for a holiday and wanted to lay modest sums with at least a thrilling conviction that it was following the lead of some one who knew.

It was bruited that Blue Bonnet was on edge-ready to run for even the stake of a soul. Certainly she looked a pattern of fire and fettle in her preliminary, as she went past the grand stand, with Isham on her back, her chin drawn almost upon her came soberly pacing Bendigo, grandson to Pot-8-os, a good, substantial bay, with full black points; next Mops, a washy sorrel, though reasonably well bred, and after him Blacklock, a spanking Highfiver chestnut, who could go like the wind, though even his owner admitted he could hardly stay the route. At the very end, Roxane, her silver mane tied with blood-red ribbons, her tail streaming plume-wise and glistening in the sun. She held her head low under a free, almost a loose rein. Shanky, Lawson's black body servant, rode her, as he did in nearly all her exercise gallops.

She moved a little heavily. Commonly she was quick as a cat. The wiseacres shook the head and agreed instantly that she was overtrained—she could never win she was overtrained. The wind of the sun stands of the condition of the sun stands of the sun sta yet readily obeying the rein. After her came soberly pacing Bendigo, grandson to Pot-8-os, a good, substantial bay, with full black points; next Mops, a washy sorrel, though reasonably well bred, and after him Blacklock, a spanking Highfluer chestnut, who could go like the wind, though even his owner admitted he could hardly stay the route. At the very end, Roxane, her silver mane tied with blood-red ribbons, her tail streaming plume-wise and glistening in the sun. She held her head low under a free, almost a loose rein. Shanky, Lawson's black body servant, rode her, as he did in nearly all her exercise gallops. She moved a little heavily. Commonly she was quick as a cat. The wiseacres shook the head and agreed instantly that she was overtrained—she could never wis

"It is certain we can beat anything else in the county, even if we can't beat each other," Lawson called out, as they swung into the first quarter of the last mile.

"I have not given up. We won't split the purse," the parson called back; "Blue Bonnet is just really coming to herself."

"Oh, ho! Hear that, Rexane!" Lawson said, touching the white mare lightly on the neck. Then he gave a peculiar whis-THE CHINESE CRISIS

It is the Absorbing Topic of Discus-"Oh, ho! Hear that, Roxane!" Lawson said, touching the white mare lightly on the neck. Then he gave a peculiar whistling chirp. Roxane answered it by forging half a length ahead. Blue Bonnet responded gamely to the spurt, but could not quite catch the fiying leader. They came to the quarter pole, locked, and ran that way all through the next stretch. At the half-mile post Lawson turned slightly and said over his shoulder:
"You have fought a good fight, parson! I'm almost persuaded to let you win."
The parson set his teeth and drove his spurs up to the rowels. Blue Bonnet swerved visibly. As dusk deepened a fresh wind blew down the course, cool and welcome to the hushed, waiting crowd, doubly welcome to the hished, waiting crowd, doubly welcome to the tired racers, fighting this desperate duel of breath and stay. They tore forward in the teeth of it, tense, panting, laboring, with eyes afiame. The last quarter post flashed past. As they came to the eighth a blanket might have covered them. Again Lawson whistled, shrill and keen. This time Roxane staggered and rolled in her gait as she tried to leap ahead. Blue Bonnet held her seemingly safe. There would be a dead heat unless.—.
Parson Gentry set his teeth. If the man sion in London.

RESULTS OF MISSIONARY WORK

Magnificent Collection of Art Presented to the English People.

AMERICANS IN LONDON

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, June 27, 1900. The great powers have as completely underrated the military capacity of the Chinese as Great Britain did that of the Boers. The attack made on Tien Tsin and the effective use of artillery by the Chinese prove that they have learned the use of modern weapons and are by no means contemptible in a military sense.

In the Japanese war the Chinese exhibited a great want both of training and courage. Then they had the weapons, but could not use them. From the capacity they have that they have learned some of the lessons of the Japanese war, and the western powers are finding the Chinese a much more formidable enemy than was expected.

rolled in her gait as she tried to leap ahead. Blue Bonnet held her seemingly safe. There would be a dead heat unless—.

Parson Gentry set his teeth. If the man in him ached for triumph, the minister truly yearned for power unto salvation over this superlative sinner. Lawson Cocke would be no lukewarm Christian. He would love God as he loved a woman, with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. The parson knew Isham had spoken truth. He had watched the boy often, lie almost prone upon Blue Bonnet's neck, and seem to drop winged words in her ear. He had never caught the words—until today he had not known what they were. He did know that the mare always answered them, electrically—if she would answer them now, she must come first.

Quicker than light all this flashed upon him. Behind was the thought! What could it matter? The parson had never sworn since the day of his conversion. Profanity seemed to him a sin peculiarly purposeless and abhorrent. In this volcanic stress he leaped to the belief that some swearing might not be profane. Blue Bonnet understood certain words, only as a signal to do her desperate best. Might he not use them in quite the same way:

Roxane led by a head—he felt Blue Bonnet's heart laboring heavily. The finish was barely fifty yards away. Lanterns geamed either side of it. The dark massed throng was breathless, silent, yet its unconscious stirrings made a soft confused sussurrus. The parson shivered faintly—intuitively it seemed he caught the reins a thought tighter, stretched further forward, and hissed in Blue Bonnet's ear:

"D—n you! Doubled d—n you! Go on!"

After that he knew nothing until a great sobbing shout struck him, and eager, joyous hands pulled him from the saddle and set him high upon men's shoulders to bear him triumphantly about the course. The bearers were young fellows, all, and Lawson's praises. He was a gentleman, a scholar, a good fellow, a sport. They would come to hear him next Sunday—and The officers on the spot seem to have miscalculated the numbers and underestimated the skill of the Chinese. Admiral Seymour the skill of the Chinese. Admiral Seymour would never have set out on his march to Pekin with the comparatively small force at his command if he had had a just idea of the character of the opposition he would meet. In official quarters the very greatest anxiety exists as to the fate of the admiral's force. It is believed that if it reached Pekin we should have heard of the fact by this time, and there is a very grave apprehension that it has either been cut up or that it is now surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Chinese troops.

On the subject of armaments I had a talk with a Chinaman over in London

who professes to know what has been done toward arming the Chinese since the war "It is quite true," he said, "that we have

been surrounding the most accessible places in China with modern weapons. The war with Japan taught us that although, as a nation we cannot be considered warlike, it is necessary for us to match ourselves in regard to munitions of war against those who at any moment might become our

bearers were young fellows, all, and Lawson Cocke's chosen friends. As they marched they chanted exuberantly, the parson's praises. He was a gentleman, a scholar, a good fellow, a sport. They would come to hear him next Sunday—and every Sunday when the church of the purse was built. And they would help build and furnish it—he might depend on that.

"You beat me by a neck, parson. How in the world did you do it?" Lawson said, offering his hand to the victor. The parson wrung it hard. He wanted to say "The Lord was on my side," but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

"Come and ride with Peggy to church, Sunday," he said, almost apologetically. Lawson shook his head.

"I don't dare—yet," he said.

The break was more eloquent than words. Again the parson wrung his hand. It was thick dark now, the moon coming up, and whip-poor-wills calling all about, but somehow he hated the thought of going home.

After a sleepless night the parson got up at dawn with a white, determined face. Although it was Sunday he did not wait even for family prayer, but rode straight to the Cocke homestead. Lawson was just stirring, and on the way to the stable, intent upon seeing how Roxane fared. The parson stopped him at the lawn gate. "Lawson," he burst out, "I'm a miserable backsilder, but I can't let myself be a thief. The purse—I won it by the devil's help. I—I want you to take it—it really belongs to you—to take it quietly, you know—you won't mind helping me out by that much, I hope. I shall build the church just the same, you understand—but I shall de it out of my own pocket."

Lawson sprang forward and caught both the parson's hands, smiling jubilantly, though his eyes were not quite clear. There was an odd lump in his throat, too, as he said: "Not another word, parson. I have pretty good ears for all that goes on in a race. I didn't mind boling the purse half as much as—losing my faith in your faith. Now you have made everything right again. We'll agree that each shall save his stake. But I am convinced religion is a vital mat regard to munitions of war against those who at any moment might become our enemies.

"We have therefore bought large numbers of Krupp and Breusot guns, as well as machine guns. Most of the business has been done through German firms, and the allied forces against Pekin will find that the taking of it will be a very different matter from the affair of 1850. The inner city of Pekin, where the imperial palaces are, is a gigantle fort. Thousanis of lives must be sacrificed in any attempt to take it, and even then it is doubtful whether the attack would succeed. We have also had German artillerists to teach us the use of these arms and to train our soldiers in the use of modern rifles."

There is satisfaction here at the evident intention of the United States to combine with the powers, as the British and American forces together would be a sort of balance to the larger forces Russia and Japan are sending.

Great Britain is sending at present 12,000 troops, and it is hoped that the United States will at least supply 10,000.

The Missionary Question.

The Missionary Question. Of course, the missionary question bears largely on the crisis, and in the opinion of good authorities, it is responsible for most of the troubles in China.

Upon the showing of Dr. G. E. Morrison of the Times, the most famous of all the correspondents in Pekin, it would be highly

correspondents in Pekin, it would be highly advisable for nations to prohibit their subjects from missionizing China. Dr. Morrison says:

"During the time I was in China I met large numbers of missionaries of all classes in many cities from Pekin to Canton, and they unanimously expressed satisfaction at the progress they are making in China. Expressed succincily, their harvest may be expressed as amounting to a fraction more than two Chinamen per missionary per annum. If, however, the paid ordained and unordained native helpers be added to the number of missionaries, you find that the aggregate body of converts is nine-tenths of a Chinaman per worker per annum; but "And I am convinced that an honest man and a gentleman is not very far off the kingdom of God." the parson broke in: "but Lawson, at least you'll ease my mind by taking that purse. When I have made restitution, and confessed my fault to my brethren, I shall dare to ask my Master's number of missionaries, you find that the aggregate body of converts is nine-tenths of a Chinaman per worker per annum; but the missionaries deprecate their work being judged by statistics. There are 1.511 Protestant missionaries laboring in the empire, and, estimating their results from statistics of previous years, as published in the Chinese Recorder, we find that they gathered last year into the fold 3.127 Chinese—not all of whom, it is feared, are genuine Christians—at a cost of £350,000, a sum equal to the combined incomes of the ten chief London hospitals." "Hold hard, parson." Lawson said; "better keep quiet. I understand—but I doubt if the brethren would. The wrong you did, if it was a wrong, has righted itself. As to the purse—why, hurry up your church. I hope to marry Peggy the day it is dedicated."

The church stands to this good day—a quaint, squat, steepleless red brick structure in the heart of the peaceful grass country. A Lawson Cocke is among its ruling elders, and on the wall behind the pulpit there are marble tablets to the memory of an earlier Lawson Cocke who found Christ within its walls, and his beloved wife, Peggy, born Gentry.

lon hospitals. New Words in the Language.

"Hold hard, parson," Lawson said; "bet-

loved wife, Peggy, born Gentry

rom the London Telegraph,

Curiosities of Suicide.

At the conclusion of a recent inquest on

louthend on her return journey from Mar

initiated-but only the uninitiated. He said

that apparently the case was one of those which made up the terrible epidemic of

suicide in and near London recently. This

is what students of psychology call "sui-

cide through imitation," or, as Mr. Wood correctly termed it, "epidemical suicide."

As a rule, though, civil communities are

less prone to it than military ones. It has

happened several times before now that a soldier having hanged himself in a barrack room, or having put a bullet through his brain in a sentry box, the drama was repeated for many days under similar conditions without the authorities being able to put a ston to the recurrence otherwise the

put a stop to the recurrence otherwise than by changing the regiment's quarters. The

most notable case on record occurred in 1805, in the camp at Boulogne, when Napoleon was preparing, or pretending to prepare, a descent upon England. The regiment was sent inland, and it was on that occasion the emperor enunciated the fa-

mous axiom in a general order, "the sol-dier who kills himself is practically a de-

oner who kills himself is practically a de-serter." More than a quarter of a century later a dozen veterans hanged themselves in as many days from a nail in one of the corridors of the Hotel des Invalides, in Parls. The nail was removed and the epi-demic cased.

Golf in Omarian Verse.

A White Ball perches on a Pinch of Earth; The Golfer smites for All that he is Worth; Not then ensues an Awe-Inspiring Drive; But a weak Fooele, proper Food for Mirth.

This is not splitting Rocks, nor felling Trees; No bull-like Fury, but deliberate Ease, Displays the Adept, while he does his Holes, Not in your Nines and Eights, but Fours and Ti

Sweet is the Click that follows Stroke exact; Vile is the Sound whenever Top is smacked; With Teeth on Edge the Duffer sees his Flub, Cry to the World that Sense and Skill he lacked

A steady Glare, with all thy Heart and Soul, Fir on the Ball, till smitten toward the Goal. The Eye that wavers brings a heavy Curse; Striking, aquint never sidelong at the Hole.

He fares no better who is thus arrayed; His Shame is greater when he low is laid, By Youth, in shabby Ralment, whose strong By Eye and Hand and Club must be obeyed.

Why such a Pother o'er a paitry Game?
Why trudge long Miles on Miles, and call by Na
On all your Gods? for nothing but to find
That Out and Back in Eightsoure Strokes you can

Better sit anugly in some Quiet Place; Forswear the Pastime of the Scottish Race. Life is too short to spend it on the Links; Ye are not young, and Death speeds on apace

Vain is the Pomp of Jacket blazing red; Of yellow Shom to checquered Stockings of shiny Clubs, and parti-colored Hose; Of tartan Cap upon an allen Head.

Abbott Foster in April Golf.

One curious aspect of the South African war is the effect it has had on the language. We find Admiral Bruce telling the government how he had "commandeered" a small coasting steamer to carry the sick and wounded among his men across to Weinai-wei. We never think of using inverted commas now when we speak of kopjes, or slimness or trekking; but probably this dispatch is the first occasion in which any of these newly imported enrichments of ou mother tongue has received official recog

Americans in London

Our country people are now here in full force, taking London in on the way to Paris. You see them on the streets in numbers, on the 'buses and in the shops, especially in those shops whose British owners subtley fly the stars and stripes as a balt to the patriotic American. Beware of the prices in these particular shops Vo pay for that flag many times over. M hotels fly the flag, too. The same is hotels fly the flag, too. The same is true of them. Thousands of Americans who have come to Europe this year for the Paris exhibition are adopting freely the "Cathedral route," as the Great Eastern railway call their delightful north-country route to London. Passengers landing at Liverpool and traveling to London by the Cathedral route, see a larger number of cathedrals than they could by any ordinary route. It is true that the road is not direct, but tourists measure distance by the direct, but tourists measure distance by the most of what is rare or ancient that they most of what is rare or ancient that they can see in a given distance. From London they can go down to the south coast, through some of the lovellest scenery, and so on to Paris. If they chose to go Paris first, they can do the Cathedral route on their return journey, and embark at Liverpeol, instead of disembarking there. Whichever way the Americans come—from Paris to London or from London to Paris—they spend as much time as possible in London. spend as much time as possible in London. and, as is usual, drive about as much as and, as is usual, drive about as much as possible in order to see as much as possible. They come in large parties, and I notice they have a high church-way separating the sexes. Thus you will meet a procession of wagonettes alternating a load of ladies with one of men. Some of the parties are very large, and there was round the town the other day a party of sightseers who filled twenty carriages.

The Hertford Collection. All London has been flocking to Hertford House to see the magnificent "Hertford Collection." which, by the generosity of Sir

Richard and Lady Wallace, has become the property of the nation, and which is now at ast ready for public inspection. The collection was formed in Paris, large ly by the fourth marquis, although it also

ly by the fourth marquis, although it also owed much to the taste of his heir, Sir Richard Wallace, and the absentee marguis' Antrim tenants, whose rents contributed so largely to the purchase of the collection, ought to take a special interest in what Lord Rosebery, one of Lady Wallace's trustees, described as "the greatest gift that has ever been given to our country by an individual."

Lady Wallace died early in 1897, and the time since has been spent by the trustees

time since has been spent by the trustees in a rather leisurely preparation of the gal-leries for the permanent exhibition of their

priceless treasures. A Treasury of Art. Experts declare that to say the exhibi-

the Daily Telegraph remarks, it is almost a desecration to attempt to translate into terms of pounds sterling the inestimable grace and charm which radiate from every object in this wonderful treasury of art.

That paper can only compare the collection in importance to Caesar's gift to the people of Rome of his palace and gardens beyond the Tiber. Hertford House is one of the statellest homes of England, occupying the whole of one side of Manchester square; but it has had to undergo enlargement and considerable alteration before it could be considered suitable for the display to the public of its marvelous contents.

Not only is it the richest and most varied collection of pictures, sculpture, bronzes, bric-a-brac, porcelain, armor and furniture ever presented to the nation, but it happens to form a most desirable complement to the National Gallery. It is strongest just where the National Gallery is weakest, so that by a single bound England has become second to no nation in her collection of works of the great French school of the eighteenth century, and can compare with the Louvre itself in her series of paintings by Watteau, Greuze, Lancret, Pater, Fragonard, Boucher, Nattier and others, who till now have been little more than names to the English public at large. ever presented to the nation, but it hap-

Rare Paintings.

It is impossible in the limits of a news-paper article to detail the riches of this magnificent treasure house, but a few of the most striking things may be enumerated. There are eleven Rembrandts, three or four of which are of the highest qual-

ted. There are eleven Rembrandts, three or four of which are of the highest quality, notably the great canvas of the "Unmerciful Servant" and the head of the artist's son Titus. There are six paintings currently ascribed to Velasquez, of which three or perhaps four are almost certainly genuine, while the "Riding School" and the "Spanish Lady With the Fan," which is mellower in tone than usual with this artist, are particularly tine examples.

Then there is the important Titian, the historical "Perseus and Andromeda," which was lost to sight for a century, and has been recovered by Mr. Claude Phillips, who has thus strikingly manifested his fitness for his position as first curator of the Waliace collection. The story of the identification of this picture Mr. Phillips has told in the Nineteenth Century, and a curiously romantic chapter in art history it furnishes. A brilliant portrait by Hals, a powerful landscape by Rubens, a Murillo, showing unwonted virility; a fine del Sarto, a particularly strong series of paintings by Canaletto and Guardi, that fulfill the all-important function of decorating the wall remarkably well, and a very representative collection of paintings by the smaller masters of the Netherlands, are among the innumerable things that deserve mention. The Sevres porcelain can only be matched by the famous reyal collections.

Motor Watering Carts.

Motor Watering Carts.

The latest use of automobile power London is the street watering cart. The Strand vestry, which is one of the most enterprising of local authorities in London, has placed motor watering vans on the streets, and they are apparently a great success. They seem to be more mobile, not

success. They seem to be more mobile, not only moving more rapidly, but changing pace in accordance with the difficulties of traffic more readily.

Motors are steadily gaining the day. Some time since Colonel Sir Howard Vincent adopted one for carriage service, and his motor Victoria is a feature in vehicular London. The numerous complaints in the newspapers from people whose horses have been frightened by motor traffic on country roads is the most significant evidence of this increasing popularity. But England goes slowly in all things and is still far behind America and France in motors. The roads here, too, are better adapted for their use than most of those in the United States.

The Henley Regatta.

The Henley regatta this year will be com

paratively quiet. No doubt the attendance will be affected this year by the war in South Africa, but fashion also in one of its caprices is rather turning against houseboats. It is no longer regarded as the proper thing for the rich to have a houseboat on the river, and there will be fewer of these boats at Henley this year than for many years past. This is not true of the lower reaches of the river, where houseboats fairly jostle each other, though the class of people inhabiting them is not so high this year as formerly.

As a fashionable function the regatta will not be so brilliant, and the racing entries show a slight failing off. There are no competitors from America this year, but there are entries from Berlin, Parls and Brussels.

L. H. MOORE. boats. It is no longer regarded as the prop-

FISH SKIN LEATHER. Many Articles Made Out of a Hitherto

Unused Product. From the New England Greer. The United States fish commission has been making a collection of leathers made from the skins of fish and other aquatio

animals, especially of those which promise to be of practical utility. Several varieties of fishes have skins that make an excellent from statistics leather for some purposes. Salmon hide, that the Esquimaus of Alaska make waterproof shirts and boots out of it. They nice cut tackets out of codilab skins, which are said to be very serviceable garments. In the United States frog skins are coming into use for the mounting of books, where an exceptionally delicate material for fine bindexceptionally delicate material for fine bind-ling is required. There are certain tribes of savages who make breastplates out of garfish skins, which will turn a knife or a spear. A bullet will pierce this breastplate, but it is said to be impossible to chop through the material with a hatchet at one blow. Together, with savels a breastplate. through the material with a hatchet at one blow. Together with such a breastplate, these savages wear a helmet of the skin of the porcupine fish, which is covered with formidable spines. Fastened upon the head, this helmet serves not only as a protec-tion, but in close encounters it is used to butt with.

The Gloucester Isinglass and Glue Com-pany recently manufactured some shoes of the skins of the codfish and cusk. On the lower Yukon, in Alaska, overalls of tanned fish skins are commonly worn by the na-

fish skins are commonly worn by the na-tives. Whip handles are made of shark skins, and instrument cases are comskins, and instrument cases are commonly covered with the same material, it being known under the name of shagreen. Whale skins are said to make admirable leather for some purposes, while porpoise leather is considered a very superior material for razor strops. Seal leather dyed in a number of different colors is included in the collection of the fish commission. This leather is obtained from the aair seal, and not from the fur bearing species, and is used to a the fur bearing species, and is used to a considerable extent in the manufacture of pocketbooks. The hair seals are still very plentiful in the North Atlantic ocean, and as it is not difficult to kill them they afford a very promising source of leather siply. Walrus leather has come into the m ket recently, but as the animals are be ply. Walrus leather has come into the amply. Walrus leather has come into the animals are being exterminated rapidly it will hardly amount to much commercially. Another kind of leather now seen on sale is that of the sea clephant. Up to within a few years a clephant was found on the sea clephant was found on the sea clephant was found on the sea clephant. acific coast, ranging as far north as Lower California, but the animals have been so nearly exterminated that they are now

rarely seen. Another species is to be found in the Antarctic seas, chiefly on Kerguelan Refractory.

From Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Peterkin—"Without exception, you are the most obstinate, perverse man I ever Peterkin-"What have I done now?

Mrs. Peterkin-"Why, I have had that new cough mixture in the house a menth and you haven't once caught cold."

The Heart of the Tree

a the Century.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants a friend of sun and sky; He plants the flag of breezes free; The shaft of beauty towering high; He plants a bome to beaven anigh For song and mother-cross only if the heart of the heart

What does he plant who plants a treet
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage,
The barvest of the coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see
These things he plants who plants a tree

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sup and leaves and wood, in love of home and leaves and wood, and far-cast thought of civil good—His blessing on the neighborhood Who in the hollow of his hand Holds all the growth of all our land—A nation's growth from sen to sen Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

tion is worth five millions sterling is to put a moderate estimate upon its value. But as